The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

It is unwise to keep an oil or gas stove burning in a sleeping room, as thereby the pure air is vitiated and the health of the occupants of the room placed in jeopardy.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the blind banker and poet, has given up dictating much of his copy and writes most of it. In spite of his blindness he writes a remarkably clear hand.

President Loubert of France is the first Chief Executive of that country to take to a bicycle. He has been lately riding one more or less publicly and several Parisian papers have, in consequence, criticised him as undignified.

The board of education of New Brunswick, N. J., has decided to abolish the vertical system of handwriting taught in the public schools and go back to the method of slanting writing. The board adopted the vertical system two years ago as an experiment.

The unmarried woman is the only one who has any liberty of action in France. Quite recently, through the long, persistent effort of Mme. Schmahl, the right to use her own earnings was secured to the woman worker. But if she is married she cannot draw them out of a bank without the written consent of her husband. If she is unmarried they are at her free disposal.

When the Kansas State Board of Health recently asked the counties to send in a list of physicians and surgeons within their borders Morton county reported that it had none. The state board investigated and found this to be true, and, as a reason, learned that there had not been a case of what might be called real sickness there within two years.

Some most astonishing facts have been brought to light in the Jewish world, concerning the number of Jewish suicides in the United States. It appears that in 113 days no fewer than 668 Jews out of 400,000 killed themselves. In England the proportion averages eight in 100,000. In Russia 2.7. In Austria sixteen in 100,000. No reason is suggested for Jews in a free country wishing to make away with themselves at such a rate.

It seems rather odd for Indians to hold the balance of power in any part of this country, but the Omaha Bee says that this is the case in Thurston county, Neb. The entire population of the county is about 6,000, half of whom are Winnebago and Omaha Indians, about equally divided. The white men are Republicans and Fusionists in about equal numbers, and the Indians having been given the right of suffrage, will determine what county officers are to be elected.

The heaviest failures during the first six months of this year were those of speculative and brokerage concerns which never added much to the wealth or worth of the country. Omitting their twenty-eight millions of debt, the "average defaulted liability" to each failure was ten thousand three hundred and eighty-five dollars, which is about sixty-five hundred dollars less than the average liability last year, and, in fact, is the lowest average recorded in 26 years.

Foolish election bets seldom afford such delightful opportunities to demonstrate their folly as a wager recently made by two western men, one of whom has agreed that if his candidate is defeated he will twist the tail of a vicious mule belonging to the other man once a day for three weeks, "or until incapacitated." Doubtless the mule who is made a "factor" in the bet is not an offensive partisan. He may not even be interested in politics at all; but if the terms of the wager are fulfilled, he will probably see to it that the man who twists his tail does not vote any more.

Will contests are so common and so destructive that one feels like applauding the wisdom of men who incorporate their estates under the name of, say, "The John Jones company," and regularly transfer stock in the company just as they wish their property should be distributed. It costs something to incorporate, but it does not exhaust an estate, as the contest over a will might, and the chief corporator is able to guard himself against the fate of King Lear by retaining a substantial interest. The wonder is that moneyed men have not devised even better methods of protecting their estates against impudent claimants and greedy lawyers. The readiness with which wills are contested and the apparent ease with which they are frequently broken must have troubled the mind of every man who has an estate to leave.

A farmer in Clay county, Iowa, has a bin containing about eight hundred bushels of wheat. A little over a month ago he proposed to market the grain, but on going to the bin he discovered that a hen had establisned her nest on the wheat, was setting there and that to remove the grain would "break her up." He decided not to disturb her but wait until she came off with the chicks. In the meantime the price of wheat advanced until the farmer discovered he had gained over $100 by allowing the hen to sit it out.

Lord Roberts never learned the art of dictating his dispatches, and to this day has to write them out with his own hand. His writing is, moreover, so bad that it can be read only be his aid, to whose lot it consequently falls to "translate" the orders into characters more readily decipherable.

Joaquin Miller, the California poet, announced in a recent interview that in the complete edition of his works, which he is preparing for publication only after his death, his real name, Cincinnatus Heine Miller, will be used.

Miss Louise Truax, a 17-year-old great-great-grandniece of Ethan Allen, has captivated New York society with her ability as a whistler and imitator of birds. She has just received a flattering offer to go to London and whistle for fashionable Mayfair.

Richard Mansfield has sold his yacht Wayfarer, which he bought last spring and fitted up so lavishly. He was an enthusiastic yachtsman then, and joined the Atlantic Yacht Club, but he grew tired of the sport, and disposed of his boat.

CONVERTS GOLDBUGS

BRYAN'S GREAT SPEECH CONVINCES THEM.

Four Boston Papers That Opposed Him in 1896 See the Force of His Argument—They Have Grown in Wisdom in Four Years.

Following are extracts from four of the leading newspapers of Massachusetts in reference to Bryan's great speech at Indianapolis. One of these journals has a larger circulation than any other paper in New England. We believe that every one of these papers opposed Mr. Bryan in 1896.

A Revelation.

Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance at Indianapolis is as great a revelation to his opponents as it is a source of joy to his friends. It is unquestionably the most statesmanlike address that has been made in recent years by a presidential candidate. It is devoted in its entirety to a discussion of imperialism, which by the very force of this speech would be made the issue of this campaign if it had not already been such. The tremendous subject is pursued to its utmost ramifications and the argument and its deductions are in every respect sound and logical.

There is no resort to invective and little reliance is placed upon mere oratorial effect. The speech is that of a man thoroughly in earnest and sincerity shines in every sentence. We believe that the arguments advanced against the imperialistic policy of the Republican party cannot be so controverted as to carry conviction to any unbiased mind. Mr. Bryan has taken up Republican claims one after another and with calm but earnest reasoning has torn them into shreds and flung them, valueless, behind him.

No adequate idea of the strength and compass of the masterly address can be given in editorial limits. It is one of the greatest and most statesmanlike utterances of our history. It establishes the paramount issue of the campaign and proves that Americans today stand at the parting of the ways. We must either cling to the honored traditions of our forefathers, to the constitution and the Declaration of Independence, or we must follow the imperialistic policy to its inevitable conclusion—to militarism and high taxation at home and to dominating oppression abroad. There is no alternative.—Boston Traveler.

Calm and Patriotic.

Mr. Bryan was introduced to the country four years ago in a single burst of popular oratory. He has inaugurated his second campaign at Indianapolis with an address which must merit and receive permanent distinction for the calmness of its tone and closeness and sobriety of its reasoning, and for its breadth of statesmanship. The contrast marks and epitomizes the growth of the man.

No one ever before nominated for the presidency was so little known to the nation at large as Mr. Bryan was in 1896, but since that day in Chicago there has been a continuous unfolding of a remarkable character under a sunlight as fierce as any that ever beat upon a throne. His rigorous honesty, his constant frankness, his unfailing courtesy, his undaunted optimism,his intense patriotism have availed to penetrate the clouds of partisan and factional prejudice until these qualities are conceded by his antagonists and become the reliance of his followers.

While the Indianapolis speech of acceptance is not lacking in skill and elegance, the reader will search it in vain for idle symbols or mere flowers of rhetoric. He will find instead an unbroken thread of earnestness and candor running through it, with no disgressive appeals to irrelevant passions. In it Mr. Bryan has not planted himself upon an epithet but upon a principle. Call the course of Mr. McKinley in the Philippines imperialism or benevolent assimilation, as you please, the Democratic candidate takes his position squarely and boldly in opposition of it.—Boston Globe.

Bold and Aggressive.

The presidential campaign of 1900 was opened boldly and aggressively by Mr. Bryan in his speech of acceptance of the Democratic nomination at Indianapolis yesterday. The occasion was one of much interest, not only by reason of the impressive formalities of the proceedings, and the great enthusiasm of the large assemblage, but because the utterances of the candidate fixed definitely the paramount issue of the campaign which the party in power has done its best to belittle and cover up.

Mr. Bryan makes his stand squarely on the issue of republic or empire. In his speech of acceptance the minor and contingent questions of public policy with which this election is concerned do not receive consideration. The solemn duty of the people in the preservation of the principles of our government overshadows everything else at this crisis. It is a question of national life or national decadence, and on this line the great struggle is to be waged. Mr. McKinley has taken up, with his party, the position of defense. Mr. Bryan opens the attack with vigor.

The issue of imperialism is discussed in Mr. Bryan's speech thoroughly, with entire fairness, with great force and in a spirit of high patriotism. It is a remarkable address, ranking perhaps higher than any of its author's previous efforts, in that rhetoric is held throughout subordinate to logic, and brilliancy of effect to convincing strength of statement. It is an address which defies condensation, so compact is its argument, so close knit its premises and conclusions. It is a speech that carries conviction and that impresses the reader, as it manifestly impressed those who heard it, with the entire sincerity of the man.—Boston Post.

The Popular Idol.

The people's candidate for president has delivered a noble speech, solely devoted to the supreme question. Quarrel with him as we may on other issues, criticise as we may his past treatment of this issue, the fact remains that he rather than McKinley places the paramount issue where it belongs—at the forefront of the discussion. Whatever the past, Mr. Bryan rather than Mr. McKinley has ranged himself and the great party behind him on the right side of the debate. He throws the whole organized power of the Democracy into the fight against the imperialist program.—From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican-Independent.

Republican Senators Hoar, Wellington and Mason, having denounced the colonial policy of the administration, are contemptuously dismissed by Mark Hanna with the remark: "Let them sulk."

BRYAN'S LOGIC.

No man living can say such stirring things in words so free from passion as William Jennings Bryan. He is equally a master of rhetoric and of logic. He is as modest and unassuming as he is inspiring and convincing. If he has an equal among publicists of the day he is easily "first among equals"—primus inter pares. He will take a place in American history with Jefferson and Lincoln, and whether he takes his seat in the presidential chair or not—and it now seems absolutely certain that he will—his fame as one of the greatest interpreters of true democracy and Americanism is assured. He grows in stature with the days, and every speech he makes gives new proof of his fearless candor and intellectual thought and acumen.

His speech at Indianapolis was a masterly exposition of American governmental ideals, and his acceptance of the Populist nomination at Topeka, Kansas, on Thursday last, was less great only because it was less exhaustive. Truly it can be said that "only himself can be his parallel," in expounding the great fundamental truths on which our national existence is based, in words as common as they are comprehensive.

In accepting its presidential nomination Bryan paid the Populist party, in his opening sentences a high and just compliment for the educational work it has done in arousing the people to a study of economic and industrial questions, for, as he says, "truth grows not in seclusion but in the open field, and it thrives best in the sunshine of full and free debate." It is this free and full discussion that McKinleyism—the bastard Republicanism of the day—most dreads. The men who are striving to make the stars and stripes what Cecil Rhodes called the Union Jack in Africa, a "commercial asset," want no debate. With no more feeling or sentiment than Wordsworth's peasant, to whom the pretty flower on the river's brink, "a yellow primrose was and nothing more," the flag of Washington, of Jackson, of Lincoln, and of Grant, has no glory or meaning in its folds to those greedy and vulgar plotters of force, treason and imperialism. "Old Glory" in Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, and at home, unless they can make it a "commercial asset" is a thing to be furled and especially because of the glowing story and hopeful significance which Bryan waves into its folds. With plunder instead of patriotism as their aim they would make it, as General Halpine wrote in the New York Tribune in slavery days, a "robber rag" like other imperialistic bunting, and if it cannot be so used why, then, in their eyes it is nothing but a "flaunting lie."

Mr. Bryan touched on several things, but briefly, at Topeka, which he passed over at Indianapolis. In referring to the currency question the Republican party, he says, "denies the necessity for more real money, while it permits national banks to expend the volume of paper promises to pay money. It is now committed to a currency system which necessitates a perpetual debt, while the Populist finds himself in agreement with the Democrats, who believe in paying off the national debt as rapidly as possible. In sentences few, but clear, he advocates an income tax, the principles of direct legislation, the enlargement of the scope of the interstate commerce act, and the creation of a labor bureau at Washington with a cabinet officer at its head. He favors the exclusion of Chinese and other oriental labor from the United States, and in some trenchant sentences shows the rascality of the trusts. "If," he says, "a private monopoly can suspend production and fix the price of the finished product, the farmer powerless to protect himself when he sells, is plundered when he purchases.

Mr. Bryan's treatment of the "prosperity" argument, of the war and its cost to the taxpayer, of imperialism and other issues, leaving nothing to be desired in the way of putting unanswerable arguments in a terse, pithy and original manner. Every true citizen will wish with him in his closing words that "the oppressed of every land will see in our flag the hope of their own deliverance and, whether they are bleeding upon the battlefield or groaning beneath a tyrant's lash, will raise their eyes towards heaven and breathe a fervent prayer for the safety of our republic."

WHY HE CHANGED.

This is the simple story of how John Smith came to change his party. His father was a Republican. His grandfather was a Whig. John himself had always voted just as his father did. From his early youth he had always evinced an interest in politics, but it was a quiet interest. He didn't go much on getting into arguments. He was always content to believe that the Republicans were more right than the Democrats, so he voted a straight Republican ticket every time.

John keeps small store in the suburbs of a large city. He sells groceries, oil, candles, stationery for the school children and deals a little in meat, especially in the winter time when it is easier to keep meat than in the summer.

John has noticed of late that his profits amount practically to nothing, still he does a fair amount of business; he is steady and does not spend his money extravagantly, tries to buy pretty good things for his store, although he never buys very much and he keeps things neat and clean about his place.

A few months ago John got hold of a newspaper with some interesting articles regarding the growth and destructiveness of the trusts. His business was quiet, he had nothing else to read, so he glanced over the article. Very soon he became interested and read them very carefully. As a result he is in a predicament, is worried considerably. He can no longer accept the presentment of the Republican side of the case as he used to. The other day he read in a paper about the great prosperity throughout the country, about the enormous amount of goods shipped and bought by Uncle Sam, of the increased amount of business being done and of the increase in the amount of money in circulation. He does something now that he never did before. He questions the truth of these statements. For instance, he wants to know where the money goes. He is not making any; his friends in business tell him that they are not making any money. Some years ago they used to make money and they used to spend it liberally, too, but now they are forced to play close to the cushion.

John is doing a little figuring now all by himself and is doing considerable thinking. He wonders why it is that he and his old friends, those he knows in town, are not making any money. He figures that there are more people around town than there were in the days when business was good. He figures that they should eat as much as ever, in fact should spend about as much money as ever. But do they? He answers himself by saying that he does not spend as much money as he used to spend; he doesn't get hold of it to spend. He figures that what is true of him is true of other people. The question, who gets the money? is what he is trying to figure out. He looks about the store at his small supply of goods and recalls from whom he buys them. Nearly everything he has in stock is handled by trusts. There is no competition. He must buy from that one party or not buy at all. They bull the price. He has to pay a large sum for the goods, but he cannot always charge a large price, because the people won't pay it, for what is equally as bad, they can't pay it! What is the result? The result is that the trusts make the money. The merchant is forced to buy his stock from concerns that tolerate no competition. He is forced to sell his goods in competition with his fellow merchants, owing to the combines that are formed, the profits of the wholesale houses are never cut. If the prices of the goods are raised to the small merchants, it simply follows that its profits are diminished. The merchant's loss is the combine's gain. And it is equally true that the combine's gain is not only the merchant's loss, but the public's as well. This is the fact which John Smith has discovered and about which he is energetically telling his friends and neighbors. And as a result of having at last seen the light upon the trust question he has decided to vote against them by casting a ballot for Bryan. Thus ends the simple story of John Smith.

"M'KINLEY PROSPERITY."

It is an old but a true adage that he who would lie and make a success of his lying must lie upon every occasion. He must never under any circumstances allow himself to be betrayed into telling the truth, or else he will be compelled to play the rather uncomfortable role of self-accuser. For some time past the leading republican organs have been running a series of beautiful prevarications regarding "McKinley prosperity." In their editorial columns they have been declaring that there was every prospect for a bountiful crop, and that in consequence of the favorable outlook which has been announced in the west and northwest Mr. Bryan's chances were reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately these editorial stories fail to agree with the facts as related in the news columns of the same paper. According to Associated Press dispatches the crop predictions are not materializing to the extent that the newspaper prosperity boomers predicted. A recent dispatch to the Chicago Times-Herald from Indiana says: "Reliable grain dealers from all parts of the state have collected statistics showing the total yield of wheat in Indiana for the present year to be the smallest for many years, not exceeding 8,000,000 bushels, against 25,000,000 to 40,000,000 for several years in succession prior to 1899. The crop is practically a failure, there being but little more than enough grain raised for seeding.

Another Associated Press dispatch says, regarding the Kansas crop, that: "Two-thirds of Kansas west of the three easternmost tiers of counties is experiencing one of the most severe droughts in the history of the state, and the general opinion is that the Kansas crop will be the smallest in proportion to its requirements for feeding has been raised in many years.

According to the arguments of the republican press bountiful crops meant the election of McKinley. But what about the crop failures in Indiana, Kansas and other states. The fact is, however, that good crop conditions are no part of the so-called McKinley prosperity, and the McKinley organs insult the intelligence of the farming classes when they falsely assert that they are.

Government by Syndicates.

The Philippine Lumber Company, backed by Mark Hanna and managed by Congressman Hull and his son, the latter a federal office holder, has organized a syndicate to control the timber industry of the Philippine Islands. It is proposed to compel all independent shippers of Philippine hard woods to get out of the game. This will easily be done by using the military government at Manila. It will not be a difficult task for Hanna and his associates to quickly suppress all competition. In their new field they intend to have no rivals. The plan for forming this new Hanna industry has been under way for months. It is proposed to employ Filipino and cooley labor, thus the interest of the American workingmen will be taken care of by the trust. It may be added that Mr. Hull, besides being a member of Congress is also vice chairman of the Republican National Congressional committee.

Speaking of the new venture Congressman Hull said: "Our capital stock is three million dollars authorized, but it has been necessary to pay in one hundred thousand dollars. We scheme to get hold of very valuable hardwood lumber and gutta percha forests. The scheme is the same for hardwood lumber that was followed in the northwest, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Already we have titles to property from men who have had them in their families for over 200 years, and we won't need a government concession."

Republican ex-President Harrison, ex-Speaker Reed and ex-Senator Edmunds, having also put themselves on record against criminal aggression, are dismissed with an epithet—"They are 'has beens.'"

Society's Prosperous Seer.

Society has its special seer, prophetess and adviser. She has grown rich in her profession, and is so busy that it is impossible to obtain a sitting with her without an engagement in advance. She lives in a handsome house in one of the streets below the Fifties, half a block from Broadway. Carriages always wait at her door, and, catering as she does to this grade of customers, as may be supposed, she is not in looks or manner like the ladies who tell fortunes on Sixth avenue in weirdly darkened rooms, with skulls and cross bones for bric-a-brac.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Hetty Green recently paid $100 for fifteen lessons in shorthand. This is the first experience of Mrs. Green in being shorthanded, but she always was able to take notes—when they were properly indorsed.

GREAT REUNION OF COWBOYS

Famous Plainsmen of the 70's to Meet at Denver, Col.

Yielding to the onward march of civilization and shrewd business men, the cowboys of the seventies have become the prosaic young business men of 1900. They no longer are picturesque. Their occupation no longer is picturesque. Both cowboy life and ranching have become straight away business propositions, and the fact has filled with sorrow the hearts of hundreds of the old-time, genuine cowboys.

They have decided to see what can be done about the matter, but they expect to accomplish nothing beyond a temporary revival of the western plain life to which they were accustomed, and by which many of them made fortunes.

This revival will take place in Denver, Col., next month, and it promises to be one of the most notable events of recent years. And, after the cowboys of the seventies have held their celebration and have dispersed, the western range business will continue as it is conducted at the end of the century with methods as modern as are used in conducting any great commercial enterprise in the east.

There are for American cowboys no more of the days of danger which confronted their predecessors. Skulking Indians, yelping wolves, sneaking coyotes and roaming buffaloes no longer enter into their calculations. They do not have to make wild rides to head off runaway cattle, or enter upon long and dreary trips to find and reclaim cattle lost from the herd. Their cattle now are kept well in hand, and the cowboys have little of the old-time excitement, and they are provided with many of the comforts of modern living. And the business itself runs along as smoothly as a railroad.

It is this condition of affairs that has prompted some of the old-time cowboys to arrange for a convention of western plainsmen in Colorado. They want the present generation to know what the life of an American cowboy used to be. Lads who go west to become cowboys and to grow up with the country are incredulous over the tales of cowboy hardships and excitement, and the old-timers are unwilling to let the case go by the board. The business in 1870 was very much more risky and exciting than it is in 1900, as they know from experience. So they will hold the Denver convention to emphasize the fact.

Fine P. Ernest, William and Andrew Wilson, D. C. Wyatt, Judson Brush, Asa Sterling, Joseph Farmer, Gassett Langford and Bruce Johnson, all daring plainsmen of the 70's, evolved this plan for the demonstrating their early hardships and risks. All now live in comfort in Denver, and while the years have touched their hair with silver, their pockets have been lined with gold. When the convention assembles in the Colorado city those who attend will have pointed out to them the $600,000 business block built by Mr. Ernest from the proceeds of his cattle business. They will be invited to the homes of other genuine cowboys who have made fortunes in the business, and who are surprised to see how easy has become the task of being a cowboy.

During the last twenty years there has been a great revolution in the range industry. The days of scrub cattle are past, and the range owners, instead of sending their cattle to the rendering vat, find a profitable market for the fat, sleek animals they now produce. The business is conducted under perfect discipline,and with such business precision as marks the transactions of a banking corporation. Each cattle company has its special officers, with bookkeepers, superintendents, foremen, general managers, farmers, irrigators and modern cowboys by the hundreds.

Under the present system, neither rain nor snow has any terror for the range owners. In the olden days these sudden precipitations devastated the ranges and made it necessary for cattlemen to reckon on losses of 25 per cent through cattle drifting before they could be discovered and rescued by the circle riders. The business is now conducted in such a systematic manner that these disasters to herds are no longer possible.

It is no uncommon thing for a first-class cattle company to have thousands of acres of range land with costly irrigation plants. The entire force of men during the summer is occupied in watering, raising and harvesting alfalfa, a specimen of clover which is considered to be most fattening. Three and four crops of this product are harvested every year, thus insuring ample and good food for the cattle during the winter months. There is no more of the old time roaming at large and hustling for food to keep the cattle alive during the cold months. The traveler crossing the plains sees vast stacks of hay dotting the country on all sides, and each of these stacks represents from 100 to 500 tons of fattening food.

Even the cattle themselves have shared in the changed character of the business. One no longer sees in the west the long, lank steer, with long horns and flabby sides. Instead, one sees a genuine beef producer, with long back, rounded sides and a hornless head. He has a good strain of blood, and is descended from sires with pedigrees.

With the improvement in the quality of beef on the hoof there have come additional cares for the stockmen. They now have to watch their herds as they watch domestic animals. They must provide for their every want, ward against storms, and drive the herd into corrals in close proximity to food and water. There are many details unknown to the early cowboy to which the cattle owner of today must give his attention.

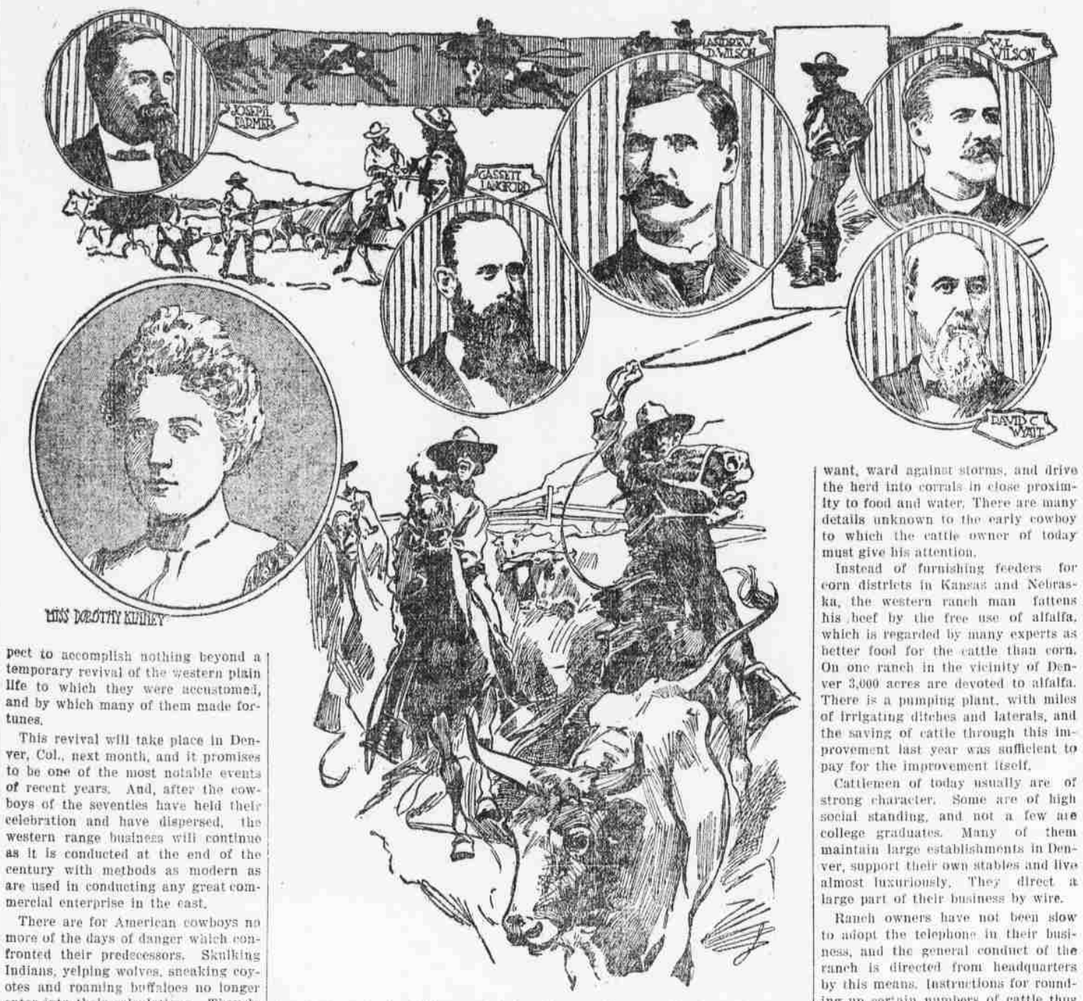
Instead of furnishing feeders for corn districts in Kansas and Nebraska, the western ranch man fattens his beef by the free use of alfalfa, which is regarded by many experts as better food for the cattle than corn. On one ranch in the vicinity of Denver 3,000 acres are devoted to alfalfa. There is a pumping plant, with miles of irrigating ditches and laterals, and the saving of cattle through this improvement last year was sufficient to pay for the improvement itself.

Cattlemen of today usually are of strong character. Some are of high social standing, and not a few are college graduates. Many of them maintain large establishments in Denver, support their own stables and live almost luxuriously. They direct a large part of their business by wire.

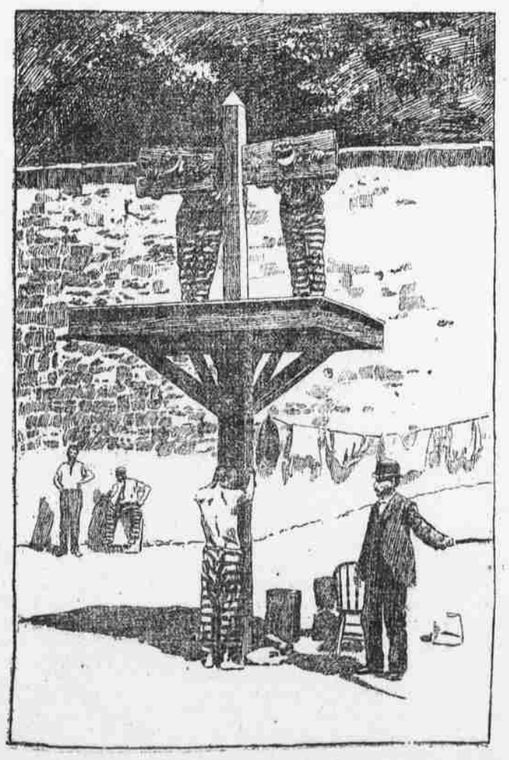
Ranch owners have not been slow to adopt the telephone in their business, and the general conduct of the ranch is directed from headquarters by this means. Instructions for rounding up certain numbers of cattle thus are given, as are notifications of approaching storms, falling barometer and prairie fires.

The general method of living among the cowboys has been improved. From Denver supplies of all kinds are obtained with ease, and the modern ranchman is enabled to get food and clothing of a kind that was beyond the reach of the early cowboys.

Women have gone into the ranch business in recent years, not a few of them through inheritances. The X. L. ranch, in Estelline, Tex., which comprises 40,000 acres, is directed by Miss Dorothy Kinney. She now is traveling in Egypt, but she keeps in close touch by cable with affairs on the ranch.



Delaware's Whipping.



So far from being ashamed of retaining among her punishments for offenders the pillory and whipping post, Delaware is rather proud of the fact, and every visitor to New Castle is supposed to buy a souvenir of his visit in the shape of a paper weight bearing a photograph of prisoners undergoing those rather archaic punishments. For some reason, possibly for economy of space, for Delaware is a small State, the whipping post and pillory at New Castle are combined, whereas in the "good old times" they used to be separate institutions.

Offenders in Delaware cannot be sentenced to more than one hour in the pillory or to receive more than sixty lashes. Wife-beating is one of the crimes for which flogging is administered in that State, and it is thought to work so well as a deterrent that every once in a while a bill is introduced into the legislature of some other State to make a public whipping the penalty for whipping one's wife. Though such a measure has been strongly advocated, Northern States at least have been loath to re-establish a punishment which they abolished so many years ago.

It is said by the advocates of flogging that the record of Delaware shows that no punishment will so well fit certain crimes as flogging. A class of men who laugh at imprisonment, even if they do not actually court it, shrink from a flogging—not from the disgrace of it so much as from the physical pain which attaches.

If your thorough "rounder" and "tough" dislikes any one thing more than another it is physical pain. That appeals to him when nothing else can, and these are generally the ones who take the most delight in inflicting physical pain on others weaker than themselves—the beaters of women and the torturers of animals.

THE RICHEST CLUB.

London Social Organization Famed for Its Wealthy Members.

The richest and perhaps the most exclusive club in the world has its home in a quaint, old fashioned house in Hatton garden, London. It isn't the "swellest" club by any means, because all its members are trades people, and not one has the privilege of even writing sir before his name. But it plays an important part in the financial scheme of the British empire and is deeply interested in the war in South Africa.

The organization is known as the Diamond club, although its real name is longer, and all of its members are actively engaged in the business of mining, buying or selling diamonds. It is a close corporation, and membership is obtainable only through the ranks of the trade which it represents.

More millionaires are daily gathered together under its roof than in any other spot on earth and the whole club fairly reeks with precious stones. In a glass roofed room, fronting on the court yard the members congregate daily to transact business and fabulous displays of gems are made with the nonchalance which comes of habit. Brokers and merchants gather around long tables and unfold before each other packages of gems which would pay a king's ransom with as much unconcern as if they were displaying samples of wheat on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange.

Each of them is an expert, and no time is wasted in praising or belittling the wares, which speak for themselves. If the broker has an order and sees a lot of stones which will fill the bill he and the merchants retire into a private room, where scales of the most delicate mechanism are provided, and, free from interruption, complete their trading. Trades of the greatest magnitude are thus made as quietly as the average man would purchase a cigar and, despite its wealth, the club is noted for its conservatism.

Business is suspended at 4 p. m., and between that hour and 7 the members indulge in social conversation, reading, billiards and a few simple games. Gambling is strictly prohibited on the premises and the only game of cards recognized by the by-laws is whist.—Philadelphia Times.

Old Saw That Is Senseless.

In olden times when a person died it was customary to toll the church bell a certain number of times to indicate whether it was a man, woman or child. For a woman it was tolled three times and for a man thrice three times. The stroke of a bell was called a "teller," and hence it was nine tellers for a man; or, as folks said in those days, "Nine tellers mark a man." This saying, which was continued long after the tolling custom was abolished, finally became converted into the present saying, "Nine tailors make a man," which is devoid of both sense and reason.—June Ladies' Home Journal.

Carp Caught by the Hundred.

People who had occasion to travel out Grant street as far as Scajaquada Creek on a recent afternoon were treated to a novel sight. Hundreds of men and boys armed with baskets were floundering around in the shallow waters of the creek among a school of German carp. Hundreds of these fish were caught with baskets of all shapes and sizes. Some of the fish weighed tipped the scales at five pounds. Some of the boys put on bathing suits, and it was well they did. Occasionally one of them would get hold of a fish that was more capable of managing the angler than being managed, and the result of the encounter was a bath for the enthusiastic boy.

More than one half of the population of the Lower Rock lined the banks of the creek and took as much pleasure out of the performances as the youngsters did in catching the fish. It is supposed the filling in of the creek at this point has driven the fish into a smaller radius, and in their endeavors to escape some of the observant youngsters of that section of the city saw their predicament and quickly took advantage of it.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Monument to Catawba Indians.

A monument to the Catawba Indians who served in the Confederate army has just been dedicated at Ft. Mill, S. C. It was erected by Col. Samuel E. White and John M. Sprott. About 300 Indians came up from their reservation, ten miles away, and were entertained by Col. White. Ben Harris,chief of the tribe, and one of the half-dozen full-bloods surviving, delivered an address. The monument is a handsome marble shaft, bearing the figure of an Indian warrior with a drawn bow. On the sides are inscriptions.

Sag of Brooklyn Bridge.

There has been the usual summer drop of two and one-half feet in the level of the Brooklyn bridge span, due to the heat, which has, as usual every summer, expanded the cables. The level of the center of the span in the coldest day in winter is taken as the standard from which the measurement is made.